

# Good Morning 230

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



DATED August, and written from Marlag Milag, Nord, Germany, comes a picture-card signed "The Shark Boys."

The sender was Petty Officer William Kidd, of H.M. Submarine "Shark." The addressee, his wife, Mrs. Kidd, of 12 Cobden Street, Mill Lane, Gosport, tells me that although



Members of H.M. Submarine "Shark's" crew in German prison camp.

letters are infrequent they are regular. Her husband and his shipmates, she thinks, are well and comparatively happy. Letters would be appreciated from men still in the trade; she thinks.

Note.—The crew of H.M. Submarine "Shark" were reported to be prisoners of war in July, 1940.

AN American General referred to A SUBMARINE COMMANDER as being the "maddest captain in the trade."

Funny thing that the Lieutenant in question had never met the General, nor had he operated in his particular war zone. Anyway, few considered him to be mad. He is widely known to be among the shyest, calmest captains at sea.

Then there was the story about the officer who would clean his nails before going into an attack. But that's another story. In any case, the A.B. who told me that story hadn't any nails, so he was probably biased.

I WAS reprimanded by A PETTY OFFICER for mentioning in a far distant column that I was sitting in the Savoy lounge. He said he was glad when he met me that I wasn't the type he

PLAYERS at a table in the Paignton Club were recently dealt a hand at bridge in which each had a complete suit. Mathematicians have calculated that the odds against this event occurring are 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,559-999 to one, or as near to it as makes little difference! One writer put it more graphically like this: If every man and woman and child in the world played cards every minute of their lives, year in and year out, this distribution of the cards could only reasonably be

expected to occur in 45 billion years.

Now, of course, mathematicians cannot be wrong, but the fact remains that this event has occurred in at least five well-authenticated cases in the present century! And that with only a small fraction of the world's population, giving an average of one hour a day to bridge-playing! Even if we take the estimate of another mathematician that the odds are only 635,000,000,000 to one, the event should only happen with the present popularity of bridge-playing once in some millions of years.

Incidentally, it is surprising that this particular distribution of cards should cause so much excitement. The result must be a grand slam in spades to the holder of the 13 spades, and it is possible to get this with other distributions of the cards in a more interesting matter. Moreover, if these odds hold good for the occurrence of this hand, they must hold good for the occurrence of

any other particular set of hands in bridge!

The fantastic difference between the odds suggested may be due to those working out the larger ones assuming that the cards were dealt so that each player received first the ace, then the two, then the three, and so on. The lower odds would neglect the order in which the cards were received.

We still have to explain why an event which theoretically should occur only once in a lifetime, or much less, does, in fact, produce newspaper headlines at comparatively short intervals. It may be found in the difference between "probability" and "frequency," failure to understand which has resulted in fortunes being lost at every kind of game of chance.

If you toss a penny, the probability that it will come down "heads" is one in two. A very different matter is the frequency with which this

event actually occurs. There may be a "run" of tails up to twenty or thirty. The only way to discover the "frequency," in fact, is the statistical or experimental way. Scientists have seriously tossed pennies thousands of times to examine the frequency of heads and tails.

Probability and frequency only theoretically become equal if there are to be an infinite number of tosses—and no one yet has been found with either infinite time or infinite money to test it! Hence the crash of so many "systems" on the turf, at Monte Carlo and in other gambles.

The banker nearly always wins at games because, doing business with a large number of players, it works on frequencies. The individual player has to rely on probability. Outside the realm of games, the subject is one of growing importance, for the calculation of probabilities and frequencies enters into an increasing number of sciences, makes insurance possible, and explains a hundred subjects from epidemics to the inheritance of blue eyes.

To return to cards, if six people sit down at a table for rummy, ving-et-un, or some other harmless gamble, there may be some jockeying for position or "lucky" places. It is fortunate that no one considers all the possibilities—for a simple calculation shows there are 5,040 different ways in which they could sit!

It is very easy to trip up in working out odds against an event happening. For instance, if I offered you three to one against your being able to toss three coins so that all came down heads, you might be inclined to think you were on a good thing. You would argue, perhaps, that two coins must always be the same and that therefore the odds against the third being the same are only two to one. The odds against four, thus removing that element of chance which for the are three to one. But the odds

against three heads turning up are seven to one, so that even at six to one I should make a profit—in the long run!

What are the chances against two cards of the same value and suit showing together when two packs of cards are turned over card by card (as in "Snap")? Most people will give you anything from two to one upwards against this happening in a run through the pack. I have even heard it argued that the real odds are 52 to one against!

Actually it is a better than even chance (i.e., odds-on chance) that the same card will turn up from both packs at the same moment before the 52 cards have been run through. It may not turn up on the first run through, but in a dozen runs it should happen seven or eight times. Experience suggests the "frequency" is good, and a lot of money used to leave the pockets of youngsters on liners who were willing to bet against the event occurring in a dozen runs!

So far, we have considered only mathematical odds. Physical conditions may alter them. For instance, although dice are made in perfect cubes, obviously the removal of six minute parts from one face as against one "pip" from another must alter the balance.

It will be remembered that an ingenious engineer years ago consistently "broke the bank" at Monte Carlo by working out the "bias" of the wheel—since no perfect wheel has yet been made. The "bank" eventually spotted his method, and afterwards the wheel was changed for every session, so that there were never enough results for the engineer to find the bias.

In all games of cards—with strangers—it must also be remembered that there are people who can deal any desired hand four times out of two to one. The odds against four, thus removing that element of chance which for the amateur is the charm of cards!

## WHAT'S THE ODDS? A MUG'S GAME

by T. S. DOUGLAS



### DICK GORDON Presents STAGE-SCREEN and STUDIO

THE audience at a South London cinema was pleasantly surprised one evening recently when 20th Century-Fox arranged a special sneak preview of the all-star, all-negro musical, "Stormy Weather," which boasts such favourites as Bill Robinson, Lena Horne, Cab Calloway and his band, Fats Waller, Katherine Dunham and her Troupe, Dooley Wilson, Ada Brown, the Nicholas Brothers, and many others in the cast.

It would be difficult to decide which particular artistes were most popular, but the Nicholas Brothers, in one of their almost superhuman dances, gained a burst of clapping that nearly equalled the applause at the end of the picture.

Stamped, addressed cards were handed to patrons as they left the theatre, with a questionnaire on the film, asking whether it was liked, whether it would be popular, and which particular artistes were liked best.

WHO but George Bernard Shaw would have the audacity to suggest that Charles II, the monarch of many mistresses, was the perfect husband?

That is one of the more startling view-points presented in Shaw's latest play, now touring the Midlands prior to a London showing, "In Good King Charles' Golden Days." It is not his best play. In fact, it is hardly a drama at all, but a disquisition.

Even so, although of plot there is little, and of dramatic movement practically none at all, of discursive speculation, philosophic, moral and social, there is abundance. And it is good thought-provoking talk shot with wit and leavened with humour.

#### STUDIO FLASHES

LINDA DARNELL will play an Indian girl in "Buffalo Bill," the all-star Technicolor spectacle, which will have Joel McCrea in the starring title role and Maureen O'Hara as his leading lady. "Buffalo Bill" will centre round the days when Buffalo Bill was a leading figure in the world of outdoor amusement.

William Wellman will direct the picture, which Harry Sherman is producing for 20th Century-Fox. Several of the scenes will be filmed at the national championship rodeo at Madison Square Garden in New York. The story sequences, of course, will be filmed in Hollywood, and the outdoor scenes will be filmed on location.

CORNEL WILDE, romantic leading man in the Sonja Henie starring production "Winter Time" at 20th Century-Fox, will have a leading role in "Four Jills and a Jeep," based on the war-zone entertainment tour of Carole Landis Martha Raye, Kay Francis and Mitzi Mayfair, all of whom will be starred in the film.

20TH CENTURY-FOX'S production of "Flare Path," the English stage success by Terence Rattigan, which is still running in London, will be handled by Robert T. Kane. Merle Oberon has been mentioned for the starring role.

JOHN CRAVEN has been signed to play the brother of Dick Powell in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new musical, "Meet the People." Lucille Ball has the leading feminine role.

Lovely Fox Star, Linda Darnell





# QUIZ for today

1. A theorb is a surgeon's probe, country dance, musical instrument, mathematical term, Indian juggler?
2. Who wrote (a) A Dog in Flanders, (b) Thy Servant a Dog?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Waitress, Mother, Aunt, Sister, Monk, Daughter, Nun?
4. On what river does Sheffield stand?
5. With what product is the number 4711 associated?
6. What is used in ice hockey instead of a ball?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Wainscot, Gullotine, Reconnoitre, Nausious, Palliasse, Escutcheon?
8. What is the W.A.A.F. equivalent of a Midshipman?
9. How many Members sit in the House of Commons?
10. What is the capital of Eire?
11. What profession did Inigo Jones follow?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) Love in a —, (b) Leave in the —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 229

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) William Black, (b) Donizetti.
3. Heron is a land bird; others are sea birds.
4. Colne.
5. Wilfred Whitten.
6. Peggy Cochrane.
7. Excusable, Conscientious.
8. Covey.
9. Mr. Oliver Stanley.
10. Napoleon.
11. Bagdad.
12. (a) Edward, (b) William.

Any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity.

Thomas Gray.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Say! Less row!—we could scarcely hear the siren—!!"

## JANE



# 'Logan, that Blood-sucking swine'

PHILIP ARGENT'S interest in Gwen's story was very much deeper than she imagined. Argent was all too familiar with pitiful stories of blackmail!

Again and again among his patients he had come upon victims of the foulest of all crimes—men driven to drink, women to drugs, in an effort to escape the mental torture of their lives.

Now and again he had found one with guts enough to fight, but mostly they had paid, endured and died. Yet there had been one exception that concerned Philip Argent particularly.

To him, some five years ago, had come Marcus Fielding, an old fellow student, a man with a prosperous practice in a South Coast town. He came for advice, not only medical. Argent saw at once that he was drinking hard, and when he heard his story he swore to help the man despite himself.

Fielding had clearly been deliberately trapped. A perfectly innocent series of incidents had been engineered into a most compromising situation with a woman patient. Exposure would mean ruin—removal from the Medical Register and shame. Argent besought him to prosecute, but he wouldn't. He would have to go on paying. Argent ceased to argue and determined to find another way out. He remembered a Mr. Humbert Pringle.

Mr. Humbert Pringle was one of the heads of Pringle's Detective Service, that famous Anglo-American agency in Holborn more feared by the underworld than Scotland Yard.

Pringle's men and women work like slaves when they are on the job, and sometimes there are casualties—exhausted nerves kept going on drink, or even drugs. Such cases were Mr. Humbert's concern; Pringle's looks after his staff. And many years ago Mr. Humbert had begun to send his casualties at the firm's expense to Philip Argent. Argent more often than not sent them back to Pringle's well men or women, and Pringle's was duly grateful, letting it be known that if at any time Philip Argent had need of their help he had but to say so.

Argent put Fielding's case in their hands, with instructions to stop the blackmail without prosecution if possible. What Pringle did Argent never knew in detail, but they did what he asked of them. In the process a City solicitor with a small police court practice, and, as he understood, a much larger blackmailing practice, disappeared suddenly. His name was Logan, and a week or two later he was reported drowned at Monte Carlo.

Fielding knew nothing of this matter. He only knew an untellable relief when the terror suddenly went out of his life. And Argent made a cure of his case.

When Gwen had gone, after lunch that day, Philip Argent, in a long chair on his verandah, thought again of Pringle's.

There was a cheery, dark-haired fellow of theirs; a man with an apparently simple, ingenuous manner, and at times a grave, enthusiastic voice, who had handled the Fielding case. Salter, his name was, and

Pringle's said he knew more about blackmailers and blackmailing than any man in Europe. Argent pondered for some time, then decided. He telephoned Pringle's.

They put him through to Mr. Humbert Pringle at once when they heard his name—Pringle's never forget names—and to him Argent explained very sketchily what he wanted.

"It's general advice more than anything else, Mr. Humbert," he finished. "And I shall pass on that advice to another person. But I'm not entirely disinterested. The matter does touch something in which I was once concerned. If it's at all possible, I wonder if I could see Mr. Salter when I am in town on Monday."

Humbert Pringle said, "I think that can be managed, Sir Philip. Salter's out of town, but we can easily get in touch with him. I'd better have your Oldford address and telephone number."

Argent rang off and went back to his chair. He was glad that he was alone that afternoon. He had many things to think about, but chiefly his mind centred on Helen West. Poor Helen! She must have suffered like hell—or else gone back to the drink in secret. It was a complex problem.

The telephonic bell rang, and Argent hoisted himself from his chair to answer it. Gwen Darcy was speaking.

"Oh, Sir Philip," she said, "I've just had some, some rather unpleasant news. I don't want to talk about it on the telephone, but could I—could we—come over and see you about it?"

Argent said, "No. It would be better for me to come and see you. My family may be at home at any moment now. 'Black Boy, Wilford, isn't it? Expect me some time within the next hour.'"

Argent pulled up outside the "Black Boy" within the hour. Gwen was sitting in the porch waiting for him.

She had been chatting to Mr. Ferdinand Pollock, whom she had found sitting there. Mr. Pollock painted as well as took photographs, it seemed, and he had views on modern art. He even mentioned Janet's work, but appeared not to know of her association with the inn.

When Gwen rose to go out to greet Philip Argent, Mr. Pollock with his camera retired tactfully to the hall. But he stood for some seconds watching the two as they met.

He heard Gwen say easily, "Come along in; you're just in time for tea."

Then Mr. Pollock drifted unostentatiously into the background. He did not want to be noticed.

Later, when he returned to the hall, as unobtrusively, and looked about him to see where Gwen and her guest

## The Lady in Number Four By Richard Keverne—Part XIII

were sitting, Mr. Pollock was surprised not to see them, either there or in the oak-beamed parlour. He chose a table in a dark corner and rang for his own tea.

Gwen had taken Argent up to Merrow's room, and there Sir Philip learned something which previously he had thought of only as a most unpleasant possibility, a hardly possible possibility—Nurse Marshall had turned crook.

He accepted Merrow's surmise without argument.

"Of course, it will have to be proved," he said. "And it makes a grave difference to me. I must ask you and Miss Darcy to let me come entirely into your councils now. For, you see, this woman was employed by me. I am therefore in a way responsible. And one cannot hope that Miss—er—Warren would be the only victim. There were others, much more potentially profitable ones. Mr. Merrow, before we go on talking, I want to make a call to London. Is your telephone comparatively private?"

"There is a call-box in the hall. It's fairly sound-proof. I'll show it to you."

## WANGLING WORDS—185

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after MON-SO, to make a tasty dish.
2. Rearrange the letters of THE OLD SOW WONT, to make a Gloucestershire country town.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SLEEP into AWAKE, SMITH into BROWN, HAIR into WIRE, WARM into COOL.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from MIRACULOUS?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 184

- 1.—ESTABLISHES.
- 2.—STOCKTON-ON-TEES.
- 3.—BEER, BEAR, BOAR, BOAT, BOOT, HOOT, HOOD, HOLD, HOLE, HOPE, HOPS, WILD, WOLD, BOLD, BALD, BARD, CARD, CARS, CATS, CASK, CASE, CARE, CARD, HARD, HERD, HEAD, LEAD, LEAS, LEES, BEES, BEER, DIVER, LIVER, LAVER, LATER, WATER.
- 4.—Pure, Ruse, Sure, Rune, Tier, Rite, Rose, Rein, Tire, Sire, Rise, Rest, Stir, Tits, Sore, Spit, Tips, Pert, Trip, Soup, Sour, Rent, Tern, T'ne, etc. Prune, Super, Tires, Rites, Stirs, Prise, Press, Tripe, Trine, Nitre, Inter, Pints, Spite, Soire, Spine, Trite, Purse, Piers, Snort, etc.

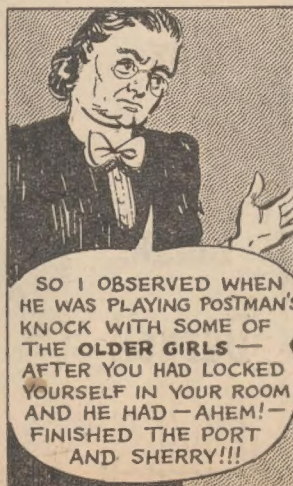
"BUT DON'T WORRY, DEAR!—IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT!—HE'S STAYING AT A HOTEL IN THE TOWN AND YOU CAN SEE HIM WHENEVER YOU LIKE—OUT OF HOURS!"



"REALLY?—I'M AFRAID HE'S RATHER WILD, YOU KNOW!"



"SO I OBSERVED WHEN HE WAS PLAYING POSTMAN'S KNOCK WITH SOME OF THE OLDER GIRLS—AFTER YOU HAD LOCKED YOURSELF IN YOUR ROOM AND HE HAD—AH—FINISHED THE PORT AND SHERRY!!!"



"after at the moment?" Salter said. "Our old friend Logan."

"Logan, that blood-sucking swine! But, damn it, the man's dead, Salter."

"Is he? I've been trying to prove it and I can't. I only came back from Monte a couple of weeks ago. There's no evidence. It was a fake. They don't enquire too closely into suicides there. Matter of fact, we never did believe at the office that he was drowned."

"But is he at his old games?"

He is. Same technique, anyhow. And, in fact, too close a connection in this particular case to leave any doubts. You know Logan had a police court practice?"

"I remember."

"This case was one of his clients. Got into trouble as a young chap—clerk in a City office. Logan defended him. Well, now he's not a clerk in a City office. He employs hundreds of them instead, and he's in the running for an important position. Logan's trying to cash in on his knowledge and the papers of the old case. But he's backed a loser. Our man's going to fight."

"Good luck to your man," Argent said. "But this is amazingly curious. Salter—didn't Logan have a partner?"

"He did. A man named Charlton."

"I'm interested in Charlton."

"Damn it, so am I. It's through him that I'm here. He's in touch with Logan, I swear."

"Are you implying that Logan's here?"

"No—or if he is, I haven't found him. I came here to see what was doing on the strength of a scrap of conversation I overheard two days ago. Charlton was telephoning from the 'Hoy' inn—a nice little pub. Nothing to be got from what he said; he's a very careful, cunning fellow, is Charlton, but it was a very strong line, and I caught a word or two of what the fellow at the other end was saying. Two or three words were 'Black Boy' Charlton said, 'Is he going back there?' I don't know what the answer was, but I looked up 'Black Boys' in the directory. There were only three in the county, and this was the nearest, so I came along to see what I could pick up."

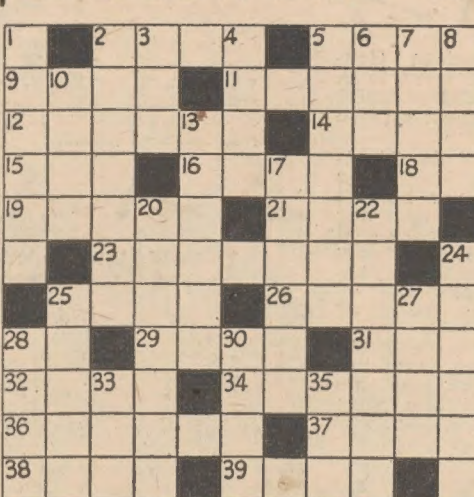
"Do you know who he was talking to?"

"No such luck, but I think I know where—the Beach Hotel, Shinglemouth."

Argent said, "You're right, Salter; an extraordinarily coincidental day. Just a moment. I've got some friends here who'll be useful to you. Give me a moment to warn them"

(To be continued)

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Stopper.
- 5 Bassinet.
- 9 One of the U.S.A.
- 11 Sour.
- 12 Spiny plant.
- 14 S-moulding.
- 15 Outfit.
- 16 Wearing shoes.
- 18 Close to.
- 19 Dodge.
- 21 Sort of biscuit.
- 23 Meditate.
- 25 S. American country.
- 26 Edible birds.
- 28 Note of scale.
- 29 In addition.
- 31 Intelligence.
- 32 Fine linen.
- 34 Entwine.
- 36 Wild ass.
- 37 Wearies.
- 38 Strike attitude.
- 39 Graze.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Outdoor game.
- 2 Typical example.
- 3 Large number.
- 4 Effusiveness.
- 5 Yield.
- 6 Equip.
- 7 Vexile.
- 8 Pay up.
- 10 Bad weather.
- 13 Serviceable.
- 17 Another of the U.S.A.
- 20 Disturb.
- 22 Estate manager.
- 24 Loathe.
- 25 Musical instrument.
- 27 Ill.
- 28 Spill.
- 30 Land slave.
- 33 remained.
- 35 Recline.

CHOICE MAP  
COIL UMPIRE  
LAND PILLOW  
OTTER TALUS  
V RUM T S  
EBB TOWERED  
ROLL LINO R  
LOAFER ADO  
TENT SEAMAN  
ARDENT HERE  
BOER SPARED



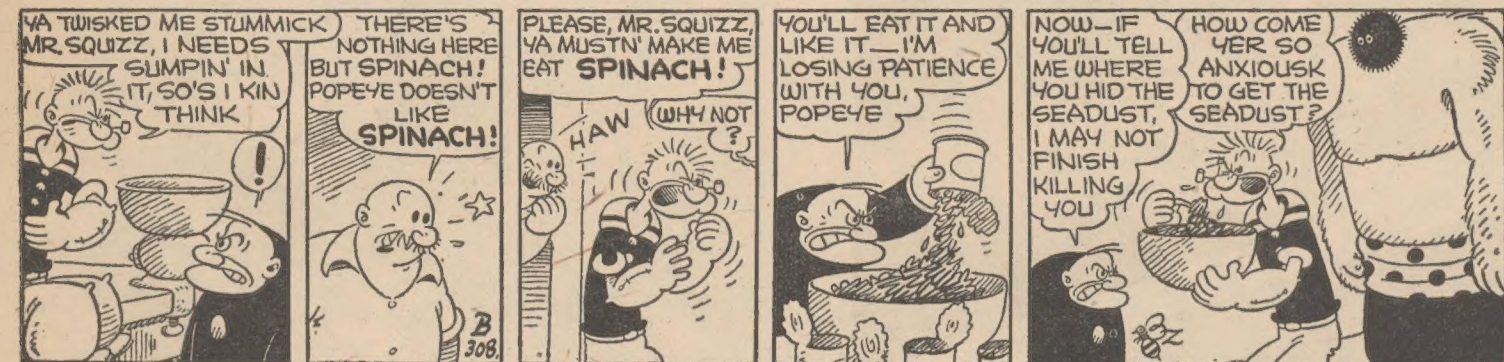
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 16

## CHARLTON ATHLETIC

By JOHN ALLEN

THE rapid rise of Charlton Athletic to a top place in football circles cannot be matched by any other club.

In the space of successive seasons they climbed from the Third Division (Southern Section) into the Second Division, and followed this by gaining promotion to the First Division the next season.

The man who piloted them to this success is a Red Indian Chief—Jimmy Seed, former Spurs, Sheffield Wednesday and England inside-right. He was made a "Red Indian Chief" by the Sioux tribe when he visited the New World shortly before the outbreak of war.

Charlton, until just over thirty years ago, were a small Kentish amateur club, quite content to play local sides. In 1920, however, they turned professional, and after winning the Kent League Championship, gained admission to the Football League.

But it was far from an easy path for Charlton. Support was poor, so Charlton moved from their ground at The Valley to Catford, but a hasty return was made when few people turned up to see them.

It was when the brothers Albert and Stanley Glikstein joined the board, appointed Jimmy Seed as manager, and spent money on good players, that the Athletic began to make progress.

Perhaps the greatest of all Charlton's players is Donald Welsh, the "I'll-play-anywhere" England star. Don, who was in the Royal Navy before joining Torquay, cost Charlton a three-figure fee, but he has since proved a terrific bargain.

He has played at left-half, centre-half, centre-forward, and inside-left for Charlton, and ranks among the greatest of all "team-men."

It was while he was assisting Torquay that he was drafted to China. At the last moment the draft was recalled, and Welsh went on playing. That was how Jimmy Seed discovered him and helped make Donald famous.

He is now a P.T. instructor in the Army, and has toured a great deal aboard troop transports. Another England star whom Jimmy Seed has helped to put on top is Sam Bartram, the acrobatic goalkeeper, now a sergeant in the R.A.F. He was a centre-half for a North Country junior side when Reading offered him a trial. He did not suit, and Sam, rather disappointed, returned to the North and resumed his amateur career with Boldon Villa.

One afternoon the team's goalkeeper did not turn up, so Bartram offered to take his place. It so happened that Jimmy Seed, who had heard reports about a centre-forward who was playing in the team opposing Bartram, went along to see what he was like.

But it was Bartram who caught Seed's eye, and he invited the red-haired goalkeeper to Charlton for a trial, not knowing that Sam had never before guarded the citadel.

So well did Bartram play in the two months' trial that Charlton signed him, and he has never looked back.

A great wit, Bartram, I know, will never forget when he was "lost" in the middle of the vast Stamford Bridge arena.

It was a Christmas morning, and he was playing against Chelsea. The sun was shining when the game commenced, but just before half-time fog suddenly dropped upon the ground—and the players "disappeared." Eventually the referee abandoned the match. When the Charlton players had nearly finished dressing, one looked round the dressing-room and said, "Where's Sam?"

Of the goalkeeper there was no sign. Then it dawned upon his team-mates. They had "forgotten" Sam!

At once they went on to the pitch, followed the touch-lines round to the goal where Sam had last been seen, and found the goalkeeper as usual, on the alert, peering hard into the fog, trying to find the opponents who were not there!

Sam Bartram certainly deserved the cheer he received on trotting back into the dressing-room!

At the moment, Manager Jimmy Seed, like other football chiefs, is planning for the post-war period by developing the many young amateurs to be found within shouting distance of the Athletic's ground. Already many have been given their big chance, and proved that Jimmy Seed has not lost his touch in "picking stars."

When football is again resumed in the manner we knew before the war, Charlton Athletic, the "little club" that became overnight a "big name" will add to the reputation they have so quickly developed.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## TAKE ME



"Lummy! You don't mean to say he's gone without me?"



## This England

A quaint old cobbled street in Rye, Sussex.

## BACK PEDALLING?



"And do you know he always WAS a one. Why, even when he was a kid, the girls used to chase after him."

## LITTER—ALLY A RECORD

"That's given the neighbours something to beat. I must remind the milkman to leave another pint in the morning."



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Nice work, if you can get it."

